

BUYERS AND SELLERS.

DR. TALMAGE IN THE TABERNACLE PULPIT.

He Preaches a Practical Sermon on the Difficulties of Business Life—Some Good Ideas.

At the service in the Academy of Music Sunday morning Dr. Talmage announced as his text Proverbs 20:14: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." Following is his sermon in full:

Palaces are not such prisons as the world imagines. If you think that the only time when kings and queens come forth from the royal gates is in procession and gorgeously attended, you are mistaken. Incognito, by day or by night, and clothed in citizens' apparel, or the dress of a working woman they come out and see the world as it is. In no other way could King Solomon, the author of my text, have known everything that was going on. From my text I am sure he must, in disguise, some day have walked into a store of ready-made clothing, in Jerusalem, and stood near the counter and overheard a conversation between a buyer and a seller. The merchant put a price on a coat, and the customer began to dicker and said: "Absurd! that coat is not worth what you ask for it. Why, just look at the coarseness of the fabric!" See that spot on the coat? Besides that it does not fit. Twenty dollars for that? Why, it isn't worth over ten. They have a better article than that, and for a cheaper price, down at Clothier, Fitch & Brothers. Besides that, I don't want it at any price. Good morning."

"Hold," says the merchant, "don't go off in that way. I want to sell you that coat. I have some payments to make and I want the money. Come now, how much will you give me for that coat?" "Well," says the customer, "I will split the difference. You asked me twenty dollars, and I said ten. Now, I will give you fifteen." "Well," says the merchant, "it's a great sacrifice, but take it at that price." Then Solomon saw the customer with a roll under his arm, and he went out and sold his own place of business, and Solomon in disguise followed him. He heard the customer as he unrolled the coat and said: "Boys, I have made a great bargain. How much do you guess I gave for that coat?"

"Well," says one, wishing to compliment his enterprise, "you gave \$30 for it." "Another says, 'I should not have got it cheap if you gave \$25.' " "No," says the buyer in triumph, "I got it for \$15. I beat him down and pointed out the imperfections, until I really made him believe it was not worth hardly anything. It takes me to make a bargain. Ha ha!" Oh man, you got the goods for less than they were worth by positive falsehood, and no wonder when Solomon had put off his disguise, that he set down at his writing desk and made for all ages a crayon sketch of you: "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth."

There are no higher styles of men in all the world than those now at the head of merchandise in Brooklyn and New York. They are great, great, great, of this continent. Their casual promise is as good as a bond with piles of collars. Their reputation for integrity is as well established as that of Petrarch residing in the family of Cardinal Colonna, and when there was a great disturbance in the family the cardinal called all his people together, and put them under oath to tell the truth, except Petrarch, for when he came up to swear, the cardinal put away his book and said, "As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient." Now, since the world stood here there have been so many merchants whose transactions can stand the test of the ten commandments. Such bargain-makers are all the more to be honored because they have withstood, year after year, temptations which have so hard many to flatter and fling them so hard they have fallen. While all positions in life have powerful besetments to evil, there are specific forms of allurements which are peculiar to each occupation and profession, and it will be useful to speak of the peculiar temptations of business men.

First, as in the scene of the text, business men are often tempted to sacrifice plain truth, the seller by exaggerating the value of goods, and the buyer by depreciating them. We cannot but admire an expert salesman. See how he first induces the customer into a mood favorable to the proper consideration of the value of the goods. He shows himself to be an honest and frank salesman. How carefully the lights are arranged until they fall just right upon the fabric! Beginning with the goods of medium quality, he gradually advances toward those of more thorough make, and of more attractive pattern. How he watches the moods and whims of his customer! With what perfect calmness he takes the order and bows the purchaser from his presence, who goes away having made up his mind that he has bought the goods at a price which will allow him a living margin when he again sells them. The goods are worth what the salesman said they were, and were sold at a price which will not make it necessary for the house to fail every ten years in order to fix up things.

But with what burning indignation we think of the iniquitous stratagems by which goods are sometimes disposed of. A glance at the morning papers shows the arrival at one of our hotels of a young merchant from one of the inland cities. He is a comparatively stranger in the great city, and, of course, he must be shown around, and it will be the duty of some of our enterprising houses to escort him. He is a large purchaser and has plenty of time and money, and it will pay to be very attentive. The evening is spent at a place of doubtful amusement. Then they go back to the hotel. Having just come to town, they must, of course, drink. A friend from the

same mercantile establishment drops in, and in usage and generosity suggest that they must drink. Business prospects are talked over, and the stranger is warned against certain dilapidated mercantile establishments that are about to fail, and for such kindness and magnanimity of caution against the dishonesty of other business houses, of course it is expected they will—and so they do—they take a drink. Other merchants lodging in adjoining rooms find it hard to sleep for the clatter of decanters, and the course carousal of these "hall fellows well met" wastes their time. They sit not all night on the wine cup. They must see the sights. The stagger forth with cheeks flushed and eyes bloodshot. The outer gates of hell open to let in the victims. The wings of lost souls flit among the lights, and the steps of the carousers sound with the rumbling thunders of the damned. Farewell to all the sanctities of home! Come mother, sister, father, slumbering in the inland home, in the vision of night catch a glimpse of the ruin wrought they would end their hair by roots and bite the tongue till the blood spurts, shrieking out: "God save him!"

What, suppose you, will come upon such business establishments? And there are hundreds of them in the cities. They may boast of fabulous sales, and they may have an unprecedented run of buyers, and the name of the house may be a terror to all rivals, and from this thrifty root there may spring up branch houses in other cities, and all the partners of the firm may move into their mansions and drive their full-blooded span, and the families may sweep the street with the most elegant apparel that human art ever wore, or earthly magnificence ever achieved. But a curse is gathering somewhere for those men, and if it does not seize hold of the pillars and in one wild run bring down the temple of commercial glory, it will break up their peace, and they will tremble with sickness and blot with disquisitions, and, pushed to the precipice of this life, they will try to hold back, and cry for help, but no help will come, and they will clutch their hold to take it along with them, but it will be snatched from their grasp, and a voice will sound through their soul, "Not a farthing, thou beggared spirit!" And the judgment will come and they will stand aghast before it, and all the business iniquities of a lifetime will gather around them, saying, "Do you remember this?" and "Do you remember that?" and I declare that they will be compelled to dishonesty, and runners and draymen and bookkeepers who saw behind the scenes, will bear testimony to their nefarious deeds, and some virtuous soul that once stood aghast at the splendor and power of these business men will say: "Alas! this is all that is left of that great firm that occupied a block with their merchandise and overshadowed the city with their influence, and made righteousness and truth and purity fall under the galling fire of avarice and crime."

While we admire and approve of all acuteness and tact in the sale of goods, we must condemn any process by which a fabric or product is represented as possessing a value which it really does not have. Nothing but sheer falsehood can represent as perfection boots that rip, socks that speedily lose their elasticity, coats that immediately wash out, stoves that crack under the first hot fire, books insufficiently bound, carpets that unravel, old furniture rejuvenated with putty and glue and sold as having been recently manufactured, gold watches made out of brass, barrels of fruit, the biggest apples on top; wine adulterated with strychnine, hoarse poorly woven, cloths of domestic manufacture, diamonds with foreign labels, imported goods represented as rare and hard to get, because foreign exchange is so high, rolled out on the counter with matchless display. Imported indeed! But from the factory in the next street. A pattern already unfashionable and unsalable palmed off as a new print upon some country merchant who has come to town to make his first purchase of dry goods and going home with a large stock of goods warranted to keep.

There are a hundred practices prevalent in the world of traffic which ought never to become the rule for honest men. Their wrong does not make your right. Sin never becomes virtue by being multiplied and admitted at brokers' board or merchants' exchange. Because others smuggle a few things in passenger trunks, because others take usury when men are in tight places, because others deal in fancy stocks, because others palm off worthless indorsements, because others do nothing but blow bubbles, do not, therefore, be overcome of temptation. Hollow pretension and fictitious credit and commercial gambling may awhile prosper, but the day of reckoning cometh, and in addition to the horror and condemnation of outraged consciences, the curse of God will come, blow after blow. God's will forever and forever the only standard of right and wrong, and not commercial ethics.

Young business men, avoid the first business dishonesty, and you will avoid all the rest. The captain of a vessel was walking near the mouth of a river when the tide was low, and he saw a long stout man, into whose hand he took links of which his foot slipped, and it began to swell and he could not withdraw it. The tide began to rise. The chain could not be loosened nor fled off in time, and a surgeon was called to amputate the limb, but before the work could be done, the tide rolled over the victim, and his life was gone. And I have to tell you, young men, that just one wrong in the way you slip may be a link of a long chain of circumstances from which you cannot be extricated, or any ingenuity of your own, or any help from others, and the tides will roll over you as they have over many. When Pompey, the warrior, wanted to take possession of a city, and they would not open the gates, he persuaded them to admit a sick soldier. But the sick soldier after a while grew well and strong, and he threw open the gates and let the devastating army come in. One wrong admitted into the soul may gain in strength until after a while, it

finds open all the avenues of the immortal nature, and the surrender is complete.

Again, business men are sometimes tempted to throw off personal responsibility upon the money market, and to say that they belong. Directors in banks and railroads and insurance companies sometimes shirk personal responsibility underneath the action of the corporation. And how often, when some banking house or financial institution explodes through fraud, respectable men in the board of directors say: "Why, I thought all was going on in an honest way, and I am utterly confounded with this misfortune!" The banks and the fire and life and marine insurance companies, and the railroad companies, will not stand up for judgment in the last day, but those who in them acted righteously will receive, each for himself, a reward, and those who acted the part of neglect or trickery will, each for himself, receive a condemnation.

Again, many business men have been tempted to postpone their joys and duties to a future season of entire leisure. What a sedative the Christian religion would be to all our business men if, instead of postponing its uses to old age or death, they would take it into store or factory, or worldly engagements now! It is folly to go amid the uncertainties of business life with no God to help. A merchant in a New England village was standing by a horse, and the horse lifted his foot to stamp it in a pool of water, and the merchant, to escape the splash, stepped into the door of an insurance agent, and the agent said: "I suppose you have come to renew your fire insurance?" "Oh," said the merchant, "I have forgotten that." The insurance was renewed, and the next day the house that had been insured was burned. Was it all accidental that the merchant, to escape a splash from a horse's foot, stepped into the insurance office? No, it was providential. And what a mighty solace for a business man to feel that things are providential! What peace and equilibrium in such a consideration, and what a great thing if all business men could realize it!

Many, although now comparatively straightened in worldly circumstances, have a goodly establishment in the future planned out. They have in imagination built about twenty years ahead a house in the country not difficult of access from the great town, for they will often have business, or old accounts to settle, and investments to look after. The house is large enough to accommodate all their friends. The halls are wide and hung with pictures of hunting scenes and a branch of audlers, and are comfortable with chairs that can be rolled out on the veranda when the weather is inviting, or set out under some of the oaks that stand sentinel about the house, and rustling in the cool breeze, and songful with the robins. There is just land enough to keep them interested, and its crops, and its fabulous richness, springing up from application of the best theories to be found in the agricultural journals. The farm is well stocked with cattle and horses, and sheep that know the voice and have a kindly bleat when one goes forth to look at them. In this blissful abode their children will be instructed in art and science and religion. This shall be the old homestead to which the boys and girls will direct their letters, and the hill on which the house stands will be called Gulkwood or Ivy Hill or Pleasant Retreat or Eagle Eyrie. May the future have for every business man here all that and more beside! But are you postponing your happiness to that time? Are you adjourning your joys to that consummation?

Suppose that you achieve all you expect—and the vision I mention is not up to the reality, because the fountains will be brighter, the house grimmer, and the scenery more picturesque—the mistake is none the less fatal. What charm will there be in rural quiet for a man who has thirty or forty years been conforming his entire nature to the excitement of business? Will flocks and herds, with their bleat and moan, be able to silence the insatiable spirit of acquisitiveness which has for years and years been the life of his soul? Will the hum of the breeze soothe the man who now can find his only enjoyment in the stock market? Will leaf and cloud and fountain charm the eye that has found for three-fourths of a life time found his chief beauty in hogsheads and bills of sale? Will parents be competent to rear their children for high and holy purpose, if their infamy and boyhood and girlhood were mired in the mire of the stock market? Will they enter upon the world and have all their habits fixed and their principles stereotyped? No, no; now is the time to be happy. Now is the time to serve your Creator. Now is the time to be a Christian. Are you too busy? I have known men as busy as you are who had a place in the store-look where they went to pray, and where they found a place to pray in. He said: "I can always find a quiet place at midnight." And in the busiest day in the season, if your heart is right, you can find a place to pray. Broadway and Fulton street are good places to pray in as you go to meet your various engagements. Go home a little earlier and get introduced to your children. Be not a gallery-slave to the city and night, lashed fast to the car of business. Let every day have its hour of worship and intellectual culture and recreation. Show your self greater than your business. Act not as though after death you would enter upon an eternity of railroad stock and coffee and ribbon. Rest not your manhood before the perpetual force of anxiety. With every part of both you set, throw not in your soul to boot. Use fire, counting room, desk and hardware crate as the step to glorious usefulness and Christian character. Decide once and forever who shall be master in your store, you or your business.

Men appreciate the importance of having a good business stand, a store on the right side of the street or in the right block. Now every place of business is a good stand for spiritual culture. God's angels hover over the world of traffic to sustain and build

up those who are trying to do their duty. To-morrow, if in your place of worldly engagement you will listen for it, you will hear a sound louder than the rattle of drays and the shuffle of feet and the clink of dollars, stealing into your soul, saying: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things shall be added unto you." Yet some of those sharpest at a bargain are cheated out of their immortal blessedness by stratagem and ruse, and they are left with a "drop game" of the street. They make investments in things everlastingly below par. They put their valuables in a safe not fire-proof. They give full credit to a merchant that will not be able to pay one cent on a dollar. They plunge into a labyrinth from which no bankrupt law or "two-thirds enactment" will ever extricate them. They take to their pastimes, and the world, the flesh and the devil, and the enemy of righteousness will boast through eternal ages that the man who in all his business life could not be outwitted or over-reached, at last tumbling into spiritual defilement and was swindled out of heaven.

Perhaps some of you saw the fire in New York in 1835. I can tell you that it beggared all description. Some stood on the house-tops of Brooklyn, and looked at the red ruin that swept down the streets, and threatened to obliterate the metropolis. But the commercial world will yet be startled by a greater conflagration, even the last. Bills of exchange, policies of insurance, mortgages and bonds and government securities will be consumed in one lick of the flame. The bourse and United States mint will turn to ashes. Gold will run molten into the dust of the street. Exchanges and granite blocks of merchandise will fall with a crash that will make the earth tremble. The flashing up of the great light will show the righteous way to their thrones. Their best treasure, however they will go up and take possession of them. The tolls of business life, which racked their brain and rasped their nerves for so many years, will have forever ceased. There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

A GREAT MYSTERY SOLVED.

Bob Pinkerton Chases a Man Two Years and Captures Him.

The mystery surrounding the theft in May, 1888, of \$41,000 belonging to the Exchange Bank of New York, has been cleared up, and Edward Sturgis Crawford, a former employee of the bank, under arrest in Spanish Honduras, where he was followed by a Pinkerton detective, and where he confessed to his part in the theft, has been brought back to New York. The public had well nigh forgotten the story of the crime, which was a nine days wonder, and which was dropped by the press when the next sensation came up. The bank placed in packages the sum named in national bank notes to be sent to Washington through the Adams Express Company for redemption. The packages were taken to the express office by two of the bank's messengers, Crawford and a man named Earl, who brought back a receipt for them, but when the packages arrived in Washington they contained slips of paper neatly cut in the shape and size of the bank notes. Who substituted the slips of writing paper for the bank notes? This was a question which was upon the tongue of nearly everybody, but nobody could answer it satisfactorily. Crawford had borne an excellent reputation at the bank, and his conduct during the scene immediately following the discovery of the theft seemed to show that it would be unjust to suspect him. The mystery was apparently impenetrable, and the express company shouldered the loss. The detective whom it employed, Sturgis Crawford, however, and his suspicions were strengthened when that young man, a few months later, gave up his position at the bank and went to Honduras. Little by little the evidence against Crawford was obtained, and last February the detective felt justified in going to Honduras and charging the crime upon the young man, who at first assumed an injured air and protested that he was innocent, but who, when he saw that the detective was too strong for him, confessed his guilt. When he had in his possession \$32,525 in bank bills, The Adams Express Company is said to have spent \$25,000 in working up the case, but it will now receive from the bank the \$41,000 which it made good.

There is no extradition treaty between this country and Honduras, and if Crawford is brought back to this country, he will be tried here. He was being tried, word few like lightning over the town that a white man was to be shot, and every negro that could possibly go came rushing into camp and surrounded the brave Texan, offering him every insult and indignity that their wicked souls could invent. The negro women would not be in roasting over the sets of the prisoner. Even the blood-thirsty and cruel Queen Esther could not have rejoiced more over her captives.

At half-past twelve a spade was given the condemned man and he was ordered to dig his grave. Selecting a spot near the brow of the hill, he commenced the heartrending task of digging his own grave. Spade after spade was thrown up, and the crowd of Southern chivalry—men who give their lives to protect the honor of unknown women.

An Unfaithful Employee. LONDON, April 17.—A sensation has been caused in Bradford by the arrest of Francis Stubbs, who was at the head of the dyeing department of the Lister Company, Limited, silk works. It is alleged that he has conspired to defraud the company of thousands of pounds. It is expected that others will be arrested for complicity in the frauds.

A BRAVE TEXAN.

HE GAVE HIS LIFE IN DEFENCE OF A WOMAN.

The Story Connected With a Lonely Grave Near Newberry, the Brave Man Dignified His Grave—Lamented Deeds of Chivalry Recalled.

D. A. Dickert in the Atlanta Constitution. NEWBERRY, S. C., April 18.—A little mound near the cotton mills in Newberry, S. C., covers the remains of one who has left an eternal monument to the South's chivalry. His name is unknown. Immediately after the close of the war the negro troops belonging to Sherman's army were marched by different routes to Port Royal and Charleston, there to be disbanded. The night of which I speak a regiment of negro troops were encamped in Newberry, near the railroad depot.

The town had been plundered, and her citizens subjected to all the indignities that a drunken negro mob could offer. A government train was then running from a point twenty-five miles north of Columbia to Greenville to carry soldiers and refugees near their homes as possible. This night as the train slowed up at the depot it was immediately surrounded by a drunken, howling crowd of negro soldiers. On board the train were two ladies. The negroes swarmed through the cars like a set of demons set free from the infernal regions, while white soldiers could not have escaped had at their mercy. What a place for two helpless women without friends or protectors!

In the coach with the ladies was a soldier, and from his dress and demeanor, one would judge him to be from Texas. He was tall and stately, piercing black eyes, while his massive head of hair, well becoming his heavy brow, and his white hair showed that he had been a determined follower of the lost cause. In their wild carouse one of the drunken negroes came to where the ladies sat, and commenced to offer insults and indignities to the younger, too revolting in their nature for rehearsal. In trying to release herself from his loathsome embrace, she cried out in despair: "My friends have I no one who will protect me?" In a moment a voice was heard in the rear end of the coach: "Yes, I will protect you, if I die for it." The tall form of the unknown Texan was seen rapidly approaching along the aisle. His eyes shone in the dim light like those of the wild beast ready to spring upon its prey. The blade of a knife was seen to glitter above his head, and with a mighty blow he buried its hilt in the breast of the black ruffian. With a yell he leaped from the car and fell dead upon the side-track.

The stranger quietly walked out of the coach at the other end, and stepped a few paces away, under cover of the darkness, and waited developments. He had not long to wait. All the mind of darkness turned loose could not have equalled the uproar and tumult this deed created. Word flew to camp that one of their comrades had been murdered by a Confederate soldier. A wild rush was made for the train, and for a few moments it looked as if all on board would be put to death. Search was made for the murderer, declaring that if found he would be put to death at once. The stranger stood by his feet away, quietly listening to his death sentence, as the soldiers madly rushed by. At last one declared he had found the man; he seized one of the officials of the railroad, and others coming up, with equal positiveness swore to his identity. Violent hands were laid upon the innocent man, while the drunken mass that crowded around him seemed as if they would crush him to death. His vain pleadings of innocence were drowned by the wild yells of the surging crowd. He was being carried away for execution. Where was the unknown Texan? He had shown his courage, now would he waver in the face of immediate death? With his hand he had protected the person of defenceless women, by dying in the blast of her assassins, would he now shrink from a common man die in his stead?

With calm deliberation, without any emotion whatever, he made his way to the maddened crowd, and with a loud voice said: "Turn this man loose, he is innocent. I am the one who did it—now do your worst!" This gave new impetus to the drunken crowd, and he was hurried away to camp. A drumhead court-martial was convened, and the man was condemned to be shot. While he was being tried, word few like lightning over the town that a white man was to be shot, and every negro that could possibly go came rushing into camp and surrounded the brave Texan, offering him every insult and indignity that their wicked souls could invent. The negro women would not be in roasting over the sets of the prisoner. Even the blood-thirsty and cruel Queen Esther could not have rejoiced more over her captives.

At half-past twelve a spade was given the condemned man and he was ordered to dig his grave. Selecting a spot near the brow of the hill, he commenced the heartrending task of digging his own grave. Spade after spade was thrown up, and the crowd of Southern chivalry—men who give their lives to protect the honor of unknown women.

An Unfaithful Employee. LONDON, April 17.—A sensation has been caused in Bradford by the arrest of Francis Stubbs, who was at the head of the dyeing department of the Lister Company, Limited, silk works. It is alleged that he has conspired to defraud the company of thousands of pounds. It is expected that others will be arrested for complicity in the frauds.

DICK WINTERSMITH OF KENTUCKY.

Two Stories About Him Which Make Congressmen Laugh.

WASHINGTON, April 17.—Hard fighting on the floor of the House produces good stories. The rougher the ground the better the crop. At the end of a vicious spat in the House some solemn statesman usually secures the floor and dells the intellectual atmosphere with platitudes. This drives the bright fellows into their restaurant or elsewhere. The pie eater of the West, the bean connoisseur of the East, the "masticator of the Gulf States," the terrapin admirer of the Eastern Shore, retail many an amusing story while smacking their lips over their beer, ice water, whiskey or champagne. There were a great many of these stories told in the restaurant during the Oklahoma debate.

One good story of a good man always brings another of the same man.

One of Col. Dick Wintersmith of Kentucky was retailed. It is said that not long ago he went to John Chamberlin's hotel for breakfast. He indulged in breakfast and onions. The steak was succulent and the onions were crisp and not greasy. The Colonel enjoyed the meal hugely. After swallowing an extra cup of coffee he called for his check. It amounted to over \$2. He protested strenuously, saying that it was an outrageous price. John Chamberlin laughed at him and offered to "chalk his hat." The Colonel, however, with true Kentucky hauteur, refused the favor. He paid the bill. Not long afterward an acquaintance entered, turning to the Colonel, he said:

"My appetite is a little off this morning. I hardly know what to order for breakfast."

The Colonel advised him to try beefsteak and onions.

"There is nothing more palatable," his friend responded, "and nothing that would satisfy my appetite so well, but I have to attend several religious services this afternoon, and am afraid that the onions will taint my breath."

"That needn't trouble you," the Colonel replied. "Sit down and order your steak and onions. When you get the check for it, it will take your breath away."

Another story told of Colonel Wintersmith is the one worth repeating. When the Colonel first went to Washington, many years ago, he strolled up to the Capitol. While wandering through the corridors he accidentally stumbled into the public gallery of the United States Senate.

The galleries were packed. Charles Sumner was making a speech. Everybody listened with breathless interest. When Mr. Sumner closed, Charles Davis arose. Mr. Davis enjoyed the nickname of Garrulous Davis. As he began to speak there was a rush from the galleries. Colonel Wintersmith was astounded. He recognized Mr. Mr. Davis and became indignant. Drawing a brace of revolvers he said:

"Gentlemen, you will please keep your seats. The Senator from Kentucky is talking, and you must hear him."

Every man resumed his seat instantly. Among the number was an old Jerseyman, who was wedged in a front seat between two negroes. Garrett Davis talked for three hours. The Jerseyman drew many a long breath, but he never swerved. When the speech was ended he walked up to Colonel Wintersmith and with some emotion said:

"Did I understand you that it was the Senator from Kentucky who was addressing us?"

"Yes, sir," responded the Kentucky Colonel; "he was Senator Davis from Kentucky. Have you any fault to find with his speech?"

"N—n—n," the Jerseyman stammered, "but I want to ask one favor of you. The next time you catch me in this gallery when the Senator from Kentucky is speaking, please don't warn me, but shoot—shoot right off—the quicker the better."

RANDALL'S SUCCESSOR.

State Senator McAllester the Most Prominent Candidate.

PHILADELPHIA, April 17.—There will be a bitter struggle among the Democratic leaders of this city for the control of the convention which will name Randall's successor. The district is undoubtedly Democratic, but the fight which is now in prospect may result in the election of a Republican. The only avowed candidate as yet is State Senator William McAllester, a Republican who has been backing Randall's friends all his life. McAllester's friends claim that they can control the district, but Esquire McMullen and others of Randall's friends will be against him, as will also ex-Postmaster Harbary, who is the most potent factor in the Democratic politics in this city at present.

It is said that Governor Beaver will make an election to fill the vacancy, but will allow the place to remain unfilled until the next Legislature meets, when the district will be denied by the Governor's friends. McAllester could probably get the nomination if left alone in the district, but outside influence are likely to defeat his ambition. He may get the help of the district, but a dozen candidates will be in the field against him, however, as soon as the funeral is over if not before.

The Cost of Tying Shoestrings.

One of the managers of a big Eastern knitting mill has made a calculation that the shoestrings of a working girl will come untied three times per diem, and that a girl will lose about 50 seconds every time she stoops to retie them. Most of the employees have two feet, so this entails a loss of 300 seconds every day for each girl. There are about 400 girls employed in this factory, and therefore the gentleman finds that 43,000 seconds are wasted in the course of a year, which time at the average rate of wages, is worth \$343.17. Orders have accordingly been issued that the girls must wear only button shoes or congress gaiters under penalty of discharge.

BAGSOVER THEIR HEADS.

THE TREATMENT GIVEN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S ASSASSINS.

Extraordinary Measures Used to Prevent Escape Recent and Sudden—A Significant Chapter of Unpublished History.

During the exciting times immediately following the assassination of Abraham Lincoln the prisoners, who were arrested in connection with that affair, were confined on board of United States monitors anchored in the Potomac River, opposite the navy yard. A history of the Washington navy yard, written by Chaplain Henry B. Hibben, which has just been issued as an executive document by the Senate, contains the orders given to the commandant of the navy yard as to the care of those important prisoners, and these orders revealed one or two features of their treatment, which, it is believed, have never before been made public.

The first order was from the Navy Department to Commodore J. B. Montgomery, commandant of the yard, and dated April 15, 1865, the day of Mr. Lincoln's death. It reads as follows:

"If the military authorities arrest the murderer of the President and take him to the navy yard, put him in a monitor and anchor her out in the stream, with strong guards on vessel, wharf and in navy yard. Call on commandant of marine corps for guard. Have vessel immediately prepared, ready to receive the commandant. At any hour, day or night, he will be heavily ironed and so guarded as to prevent escape or injury to himself."

Two days later the department notified the commandant that "The War Department wishes special attention called this afternoon to order of Saturday, 15th instant. Keep a boat in constant readiness and have a guard at the gate, that the prisoner can be safely got on board." The first prisoners were received at the navy yard that night, and the following day Commodore Montgomery reported that Mike O'Flaherty and Lewis Payne had been delivered during the night, and were confined on board the monitor Saugus, in double irons and under a strong guard. Samuel Arnold was added to the prisoners at 2:30 o'clock the morning of April 10. The same day the commandant received orders to permit no person to see or hold communication with the prisoners without a pass signed jointly by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy.

At 11:10 p. m., April 20, two more prisoners were received at the navy yard. They were General Andrew Atzerott and Ernest Hartman Ritchie, his brother-in-law. April 23 the Assistant Secretary of the Navy sent this order to Commodore Montgomery:

"The Secretary of War wishes Atzerott separated from his brother-in-law, Ritchie, by putting the former in another vessel, unknown to the other prisoners; also, that a bank and chain to be put on each ankle of Payne."

On the following day the commandant received directions which showed that Secretary of War Stanton proposed to neglect no precaution toward preventing any sort of communication between the prisoners. These directions were as follows:

"The Secretary of War requests that the prisoners on board iron-clad monitors be kept in separate compartments, belonging to separate divisions, for better security against conversation shall have a canvas bag put over the head of each and tied around the neck, with a hole for proper breathing and eating, but not seeing, and that Payne be secured to prevent self-destruction."

To this order, which is now brought to light for the first time, Commandant Montgomery replied on the same day:

"The hoods were made, and have been applied as directed. The prisoners are in all respects entirely secure."

Ned Spangler was taken from the old Capitol prison that day and confined on one of the monitors. Three days later, April 27, the commandant reported to the Navy Department as follows:

"David C. Harrold, prisoner, and the remains of Wilkes Booth were delivered here at 1:45 this morning. The body of Booth is changing rapidly. What disposition shall be made of it? It is now on board the iron-clad Montauk."

Later in the day the commandant has handed an order, signed by Secretaries Sells and Stanton, directing him to permit Surgeon General Barnes, Judge of the Federal Court, and certain other officers and civilians, including a photographer, to go on board the Montauk and see Booth's body. The order also directed that, after the Surgeon General had made an autopsy, the body should be placed in a strong box, carefully sealed, and delivered to the charge of Col. L. C. Baker.

A letter sent to the Secretary of the Navy the following day by Commandant Montgomery shows that he had no chance to carry out a part of this joint order. The writer complains that the body of Booth was suddenly and unexpectedly removed by Col. Baker to a tug and taken away before the marine officer had any opportunity to report the proceedings to the commandant. The box prepared for it was left on the Montauk, and Commandant Montgomery reported that it was ready for delivery when called for. Other correspondence shows that the navy officers at the yard felt that they had not been properly treated by the higher authorities, and were disposed to criticize the military authorities for the "informal and unilitary" way in which Booth's body was taken from their custody, without any written authority for so disposing of it having been shown to any officer of the vessel. The orders leave no doubt of the great fear which beset Secretary Stanton that the prisoners would escape or be rescued, and this fear seems to have extended even to the dead body of the assassin.

The last entry regarding the assassin shows that Commandant Montgomery was relieved from his troublesome charge April 29. In a communication to Secretary Welles, dated April 30, he says:

"In obedience to a telegram received at 9 o'clock last night, the prisoners in my charge were delivered at 10:30 p. m. to General Hancock, and under military guard they left the yard at 11 o'clock."

Immediately after this the department ordered the removal of the extraordinary restrictions that had been established relative to the admission of visitors to the yard during the time the prisoners were in the commandant's custody, and this ended the connection of the naval establishment with these state prisoners.

UNITED STATES COURTS.

Provisions of the New Bill Defining Their Jurisdiction—An Important Measure.

The House of Representatives has passed the bill to define and regulate the jurisdiction of courts of the United States. The final vote was, yeas 131, nays 13. The Speaker counting a quorum. The following is a synopsis of the provisions of the new law.

It withdraws all original jurisdiction now vested in the circuit courts of the United States and vests the same exclusively in the district courts of the United States and also provides that the circuit courts of the United States shall exercise such jurisdiction by writ of error and appeal as they have and exercise, under existing laws. The circuit court is made an Appellate Court exclusively, except that it has power to issue alternating process. The circuit courts shall consist of the present circuit judge and two others to be appointed in each circuit by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate. It requires that judges to constitute a quorum, and in case either of the judges is absent at any term the senior circuit judge of the circuit may require any district judge of the circuit to sit in his stead for the time being. But there must always be one circuit judge present and no circuit or district judge before whom a case is tried in the district court can sit in the same case in the circuit court. The terms of the circuit courts are to be held at the following places:

- 1st Circuit, Boston.
- 2nd " New York.
- 3rd " Philadelphia.
- 4th " Richmond, Va.
- 5th " New Orleans.
- 6th " Cincinnati.
- 7th " Chicago, Ills.
- 8th " St. Louis.
- 9th " San Francisco.

Writs of error in proper cases and in all other cases appeals may be had from district to circuit courts, both at law and in equity, and cases of admiralty and maritime jurisdiction within six months after the entry of final judgment or decree in districts. The circuit courts shall have original jurisdiction to issue certain remedies writs and to establish rules of practice not inconsistent with those of the Supreme Court. Writ of error from the circuit court of an appeal to the circuit court may be had in all commercial cases wherein the circuit court may now exercise jurisdiction by writ of error and pending appeals of writs of error and appeals of the circuit court to issue certain remedies writs and to establish rules of practice not inconsistent with those of the Supreme Court. Writ of error from the circuit court of an appeal to the circuit court may be had in all commercial cases wherein the circuit court may now exercise jurisdiction by writ of error and pending appeals of writs of error and appeals of the circuit court to issue certain remedies writs and to establish rules of practice not inconsistent with those of the Supreme Court.

On the following day the commandant received directions